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Mozart's Masses.

From the *Deutsche Musik-Zeitung* (Vienna)

These peculiar compositions have in the course of time experienced very difficult judgments, favorable and unfavorable.

The Protestant North knows them only fragmentarily under the form of German Cantatas, in which single numbers out of them have been employed. The questionable propriety of this transplanting of such products from the mother soil of a special *cultus*, has already been alluded to by Otto Jahn and by Mendelssohn in his "Travelling Letters."

The choir directors of Catholic Germany held these Masses, overflowing with fresh and genial originality, especially the smaller ones among them, in uncommonly high esteem, because they offered some alternation to their Sunday repertoire, consisting for the most part of dry, mechanical contrapuntists, while the other great masters wrote only *Missa solennes*.

The uneducated portion of the church public, choosing the better part, were wont on entering the church to put themselves at once in immediate relation with the good God. The degree of their edification was not at all dependent on the greater or less perfection of the church music, which, absolutely inaccessible to their understanding, made a mere ringing in their heads.

Art-loving visitors of churches—a smaller and smaller handful—took about the same delight in the Masses of Joseph and Michael Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c., that they did in the church paintings, yielding themselves passively and simply to their influence, and receiving from them more or less religious edification, but neither seeking nor avoiding it directly. This class have of late years found their harmless gratification much embittered. Critical knowledge, in its ceaseless and impartial progress, has at length got possession also of this quiet circle. In the plastic arts, the conflict (never quite intolerable) between the claims of religion and the laws and consistencies of Art on the one hand, and between these and the pretensions and encroachments of strong artistic individualities on the other, has at length yielded to an at least tolerable compromise; while in the domain of church music all the most heterogeneous extremes of our time have come to such confusion of parties, that it all seems like a set-to in the dark, where you hear the blows, without seeing whether they fall on friend or foe.

In such a state of things it is dangerous even to venture upon this uncertain field; and doubly so to advocate a genius like Mozart, who just now has the current of the times somewhat against him, besides the existence of wide-spread and deep-rooted prejudices against his church compositions as such.

It would seem most advisable to ignore the controversy about the genuine church style, and to consider these works of Mozart, in more

than one respect so interesting, not so much from the strictly religious and church stand-point, but rather from the stand-point of humanity and Art. That this may remain as free and unprejudiced as possible, it is well to premise the following general considerations founded upon facts.

When Leopold Mozart became aware of the unexampled musical talents of his son, two principal ways stood open to him for the foundation of his future. He could educate him for the Opera, where so many a composer had won fame and money, even wealth like Gluck; or for the music of the church, where he might find in one of the numerous chapels of that time a subsistence, modest indeed, but secure against the capricious moods of fashionable taste. Worldly wise as he was, the thoughtful father chose both; and while his gifted son, almost in his child shoes, was putting the Italians in raptures by his operas, he made him go through an uninterrupted course of the severest studies, even beyond his twentieth year, in the department of church music;—studies to which, and to his deeply grounded knowledge in this difficult department, Mozart himself could point with just pride in his applications to the Emperor Leopold and the Vienna magistrate.

When Mozart wrote these Masses, he was—Jahn has collected incontestable proofs of it—not only a pure and spotless youth in body and in soul; he was also, what must not be overlooked, a strictly believing, devout Catholic. In a letter to his father he almost indignantly repels the doubt whether he goes regularly to confession; and he writes to him from Paris, that, after the successful result of his concert, he had offered up to God the promised wreath of roses, and then he could take an ice-cream in the Palais Royal with some satisfaction. Even in his ripened manhood he dismisses the remarks of his Leipzig friends about the unsuitable Catholic church texts with evident ill-humor, and with the words: "You Protestants have no conception what one of us feels in these things, having sucked in their impressions with the milk of childhood; you have no conception what I feel, when I write down: *Benedictus, qui venit, or Agnus Dei, miserere.*"

Whoever bears such decisive moments as the above in mind, will not wonder if, on closer examination, he should find these much decried works to be far better than their reputation; if he should find in them, at almost every step, a harmonic and contrapuntal art astonishing, considering his youthful age, as well as a depth of religious feeling and a grace in the expression of it, which reminds one of Raphael, who in his art and soul bore such affinity to Mozart.

Even from a more rigorous church point of view, these Masses, in comparison with the *Missa solennes* of his followers, down to the most modern, have far greater strictness and compactness. As with the older masters, so in them, even in the last ones, which otherwise are treated in a far freer manner, the whole power resides in the

four vocal parts, and in the great art with which these are carried on together or contrasted. The single short solos, with the exception of the last Mass, which is also an unpleasant exception in other respects, are either contrapuntally absorbed by the accompaniment, or show an uncommon plainness and simplicity, disfigured by no coquetish ornaments. The violins (the viola is found only in the B flat Mass, and there perhaps as a later addition) remain, in spite of their sometimes very ingenious treatment, closely adhering to the vocal quartet, merely accompanying, filling it out, or serving as a relief to it by imitation or antithesis. The wind instruments are few and, with the exception of the above named Mass, are employed only as *ripieno*, never as *concerted* parts, as they were sometimes even by the severe Michael Haydn. How modestly he dealt with the wind instruments is shown by the fact, that in two of the engraved Masses some instruments are added by the publishers, to bring out more effective tone-colors.

As these considerations explain the excellences of Mozart's Masses, so the following may, if not excuse, at least account for their faults.

It is well known that Mozart wrote them under the cramping influence of the Archbishop Jerome. Of course it would be ridiculous to assume, that the influence of this coarse patron, who knew not how to prize or recognize his own good fortune in commanding such a genius, extended also to their style and inward structure—two small, but excellent Masses of Joseph Haydn show the greatest affinity with some of Mozart's, and even these, although they all originated under Jerome, pass gradually over from the severe style to the beautiful and finally to the gallant—but even without this, the archbishop's contemptuous treatment of the aspiring youth, as well as his stupid fixing of a certain time, which was not to be exceeded in these church compositions, were clogging chains enough, since genius for its free unfolding needs above all two things: encouragement and an open path.

A further difficulty, and none of the smallest, when Mozart entered upon church music, lay in his own nature!

The question generally, how such extraordinary artist natures, like Mozart and others, stand related to religion and religious Art, is one which, for reasons above indicated, can only be touched upon here in passing.

If on the one hand Art, for the very reason that is divine, has always found the worthiest goal for its exertion and the full satisfaction of its ambition only in divine things; and if religion, heathen as well as Christian, has found its greatest glorification through the greatest minds; so on the other hand it cannot be denied that these overruling coryphæuses of Art, on entering the religious field, brought with them there not merely the manifold requirements of the fine arts, but also their own sharply marked artistic individuality; so that in the works, which they

produced on this field, the religious criterion alone does not suffice to measure them correctly on all sides.

Pious works strictly speaking, where no side influence disturbs the devotion, are not so much the production of these great original geniuses, as they are of less pretentious talents of the second rank; and therefore he, who in Art seeks merely edification or pursues hierarchical ends, will find more that is to his purpose in Michael Haydn than in his more gifted brother, or than in Mozart and Beethoven,—more in the paintings of Francia or Perugino, than in those of Raphael, Titian or Michael Angelo.

Finally, we must not overlook the fact, that these Masses are not sufficient to enable us to judge what Mozart could do in the province of church music, or to compare what he has done with the achievements of others. For while we recognize the depth and marvellous prematurity of his talent, it is yet clearly evident in these works, apart from their date—they were nearly all written between his 15th and his 20th year, and even the last two great Masses in C appeared before *Idomeneo*—that they were written by one who was becoming, not by one who had become, a finished artist.

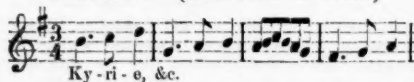
While the first ones show a decided leaning toward older masters and traditional forms, the later ones resemble bold, but dangerous, and by no means always successful attempts, quitting the common travelled paths—he returned to them again afterwards in a markable manner in his *Requiem*—to found for himself a new and peculiar church style, relying solely on his own artistic individuality, and guided by his instinct of the beautiful, which however does not seem in this field to have been a quite unquestionable guide.

This change of artistic views, which took place so rapidly in the young master, lends a peculiar interest to these Masses, and at the same time furnishes a motive for the following classification of them, which appears the less forced, since it coincides for the most part with their progressive dates of origin.

A. IN STRICT STYLE.

a. Missae breves.

MASS NO. I. (COMPOSED IN 1772?)



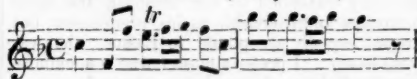
Leaving out those Masses, which Mozart wrote in his boyhood, and which for the most part are only known by their first bars, as they are found among his remains in André's possession, we commence the series of those which have acquired currency with this one, which, although its date cannot be precisely established, seems by its style to be one of the oldest.

It goes under Mozart's name in the thematic catalogue of A. Fuchs; Jahn, on the contrary, denies that it is by him. There are reasons both for and against.

A certain smallness of conception and timidity of execution; the want of that inward fire peculiar to Mozart, and here and there a too old-fashioned simple-heartedness and *naïveté*, excite serious doubts. But on the other side, in the *Quoniam tu solus* and in the *Dona nobis*, it shows so striking an analogy with the Mass in F which immediately follows, and which is certainly gen-

uine, the autograph existing at Gratz, that these doubts partially vanish again. It certainly is not, as Jahn thinks, worked up in a light and careless manner, but in technical respects is fully worthy of Mozart. The first eight introductory measures of the *Kyrie*, the *Qui tollis*, and particularly the difficult setting of the *Credo* betray the master. But above all the *Laudamus te*, in the *Gloria*, might decide the point. Who among the Austrian composers at that time, except Mozart, could have written this *Laudamus*, which has to find its equal in purity of feeling and in gracious loveliness of expression.

MASS NO. II. (Comp. 1774).

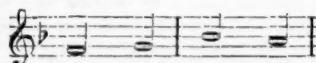


(Set only for 4 voice parts, 2 violins and organ. The Prague edition contains instrumental additions by another hand).

This Mass is known and celebrated, but not of equal worth in every number.

Before all, the *Kyrie* astonishes us, not by the contrapuntal art, which here as in the whole Mass reveals itself in stern severity, but by a surprising grandeur of conception, by that surpassing certainty and repose of the complete master (incomprehensible in the youth of eighteen), under whose hands these stiff, contrapuntal masses moulded themselves like soft wax into noble forms.

The *Gloria* and *Credo* do not share this grand and dignified simplicity; but then they are worked with such refinement of art, bordering almost on ostentation, and therefore are so difficult to execute, that this Mass, like No. III, becomes the test of a good choir (*Capelle*). In the *Credo*, which is so admirable in its way, Mozart's favorite theme:



which he often used, and finally in the C major Symphony as one of the four leading subjects of the Finale, runs through the whole piece, giving it unity; while the continual recurrence of the words *Credo, Credo*, set to the above four notes, lends it the expression of firm faith in a very ingenious manner.

The rest of this Mass, composed so evidently *con amore* in the first three numbers, is much more briefly executed, as if under a pressure to get to the end quickly; doubtless in consequence of the Archbishop's order, which shows itself in this distinguished work in all its stupidity. The accompanying violin figures in the *Agnus* impress upon this piece a peculiar stamp of dreary hopelessness, of a repentance which almost despairs. The *Dona nobis* has the noble simplicity of the *Kyrie* without its grandeur; but through the *crescendo* and *decrescendo* of the voice parts, which, although not marked, lies in the movement of the melody, it has an admirable expression of longing prayer for peace, entirely suited to the words—supposing the Allegro to be taken in the true church tempo (which was much slower than these things are usually sung in our day). What a pity, that some trivial ornaments disturb the effect so much toward the close!

(To be continued.)

Memoir of Orlando de Lassus.

Of the subject of the following memoir, it may be said, as of too many men of genius, that we

possess but few memorials of him, except such as were of his own creation—and that we know him almost entirely by his works alone. Of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and how many other stirring names, must the same thing be said. We possess the glorious offsprings of their imaginations, the fruits of their active fancies are preserved to us; but if we would pry into the peculiarities of their lives, study them as husbands, fathers, and citizens, and reverencing their genius, seek to elevate ourselves by finding those points of character which assimilate to our own, the gratification is denied to us, and we are obliged to substitute, for such cheering and interesting reminiscences as we would fain possess of them, the dry records of the parish register.

Orlando de Lassus, for by such name we believe this distinguished musician to be most generally known, cannot be said to have died and left no sign, seeing that there have been handed down to us proofs that his musical genius was as much distinguished by its fertility as its profundity. But though the contemporary and rival of Palestrina, (and the time perhaps is not far distant when he may be shown to be his superior,) it is difficult to decide whether the biographical accounts of him, hitherto submitted to the public, are most marked by the absence of information, or the presence of error.

M. Delmotte, an accomplished French scholar, has at length sought to satisfy the curiosity of the musical public by furnishing them with fuller and more authentic particulars of the life of this accomplished composer, and to do justice to his fame by appending to his biographical sketch a list of the extraordinary number of works which his active imagination called into existence.* This work, which is beautifully got up, must be a welcome addition to the library of the lover of musical literature.

But now for a few particulars concerning this great master of the sixteenth century. And here on the very threshold, we meet with a startling proof of the obscurity in which all that relates to him has heretofore been veiled. His very name is almost a problem. By some he has been styled Orland de Lassus, by others Orlando di Lasso, Roland Lassus, Roland Lascé, and it is now evident that his real name was Roland de Lattre. Where was he born?—Some have said Italy, others Bohemia. When was he born? Numbers, and those of great authority, have said 1520, others 1524, while it has been asserted by authorities equally potential, that 1530 or 1532 was the year in question. Chance at length has satisfactorily resolved these points. The author of this memoir was examining a manuscript chronicle of Hainault in the public library at Mons, when, under the date of 1520, he read as follows:—

"1520.—Born in the city of Mons, Orland, called Lassus: (it was in the same year that Charles the Fifth was crowned emperor at Aix-la-Chapelle,) he was in his time the prince and phoenix of musicians, hence arose this verse:

'Hic ille Orlandus Lassus qui recreat orbem.'

The chronicle then goes on to describe very minutely the house in which he was born, and the fact of his having been a choir boy in the church of St. Nicholas, and then tells us that his father having been convicted of coining and publicly exposed on the scaffold, "the said Orland, who was called Roland de Lattre, changed his name and surname into Orland de Lassus, and departed out of the country, and went into Italy with Ferdinand di Gonzaga, who was a partizan of the King of Sicily."

This simple statement of the chronicler completely disproves the marvellous story of Orland's having been thrice kidnapped when a boy, on account of the extraordinary beauty of his voice, with which his earlier biographers, for lack of better materials, have been accustomed to swell out, if not decorate their accounts of him.

The simple fact is, he entered the service of Gonzaga, who at that period commanded a divis-

* Notice Biographique sur Roland Delattre, connu sous le nom d'Orland de Lassus, par H. Delmotte. Valenciennes. 1836. London—Kernot.

ion of the army under Charles the Fifth, and accompanied him to Italy. At eighteen years of age, when his voice had changed, he quitted Ferdinand de Gonzaga and attached himself to Constantine Castriotto, with whom he resided for upwards of two years at Naples. At one-and-twenty he visited Rome, where he resided for six months under the protection of the archbishop, and at the end of that time received the appointment of Maestro di Capella at the Chapel of St. John of the Lateran, a fact which is proved by Baini in his splendid book on Palestrina, in whose catalogue of musicians, who held that office, we read, "1511, Orlando di Lasso."

In 1543, having filled the duties of this situation with great credit, he revisited his native country, in hopes of once more embracing those parents towards whom, whatever might be their faults, his heart still yearned. But on his arrival at Mons, he found that the grave had already closed over them. With the view of restoring his mind from the shock which it had sustained from this discovery, he undertook a journey through France and England, in the company of Jules Cæsar Brancaccio, a young man of noble family, and a great lover of the arts.

After this he resided at Antwerp, where he was much esteemed, his company being sought after by every person of rank and talent, until 1557, when Albert the Fifth, surnamed the Generous, Duke of Bavaria, invited him to take up his residence at his court. This offer was still more flattering, as he was requested to bring with him, from the Netherlands, at that time the very hot bed of musicians, a number of the most distinguished artists.

On his arrival at Munich, being anxious to justify the reputation which had preceded him, he distinguished himself no less by his learning and the beauty of his musical compositions than by his gaiety and wit. And as a reward for these endeavors to please, he received not only the friendship, but the hand of a lady of the court, Regina Weckinga, whom he married in 1558, the year after he took his residence at Munich.

In 1562 Duke Albert appointed him master of his chapel, at that time one of the finest, if not the very finest in Europe, and which consisted of no less than ninety-two of the most distinguished musicians of the age, men of all countries—namely twelve basses, fifteen tenors, thirteen counter tenors, sixteen boys, six castrati, and thirty instrumentalists.

The fame of Lassus was now spread throughout all Europe, and the prince of musicians, as he was styled by his contemporaries, was overwhelmed with marks of favor from the most distinguished sovereigns and princes of the Continent.

Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, unsolicited, created him on the 6th of April, 1574, a knight of St. Peter of the golden spur, he being installed in the papal chapel with all the honor and ceremonies observed on similar occasions.

In 1571 he visited Paris, and was received with every mark of favor and distinction, by the King, Charles the Ninth, who having issued his letters authorizing the establishment of an academy of music, in the November, preceding is supposed, and not unreasonably, by M. Delmotte, to have invited Lassus to his court with the view of consulting with him as to the means of making this newly founded institution most effective.

It has been absurdly insisted upon that Lassus composed his most celebrated work, the "*Penitential Psalms*," at the request of this monarch, and to assuage the bitterness of remorse which he experienced for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. But as that bloody scene was not enacted until 1572, and the first volume of the magnificent manuscript of this work, preserved at Munich, was completed in 1565, it is clear that the work could not have been undertaken at the desire of the French king. It is said, however, that Charles was so touched by the performance of this work, and the impression that it left upon his mind was so powerful, that he felt the only comfort to his troubled spirit would be to have the musician at the head of his chapel, like

another David, to cause the evil spirit to depart from Saul.

Lassus had no wish to quit Munich, and it was only at the express desire of his patron, Duke Albert, who pitied the condition of the French monarch, that he consented to do so. He had, however, scarcely set forth on his journey, when he received intelligence of Charles's death—intelligence which determined him to retrace his steps towards Munich with all possible despatch. The Duke received him with open arms, restored him to all his appointments, and, by an act dated 23rd of April, 1579, secured to him an income of four hundred florins (a considerable sum in those days,) for the remainder of his life.

In the following October Albert died. His successor, William the Fifth, surnamed the Pious, not only extended to our musician the same patronage and friendship as his predecessor, but proved equally acceptable to Lassus, who was wont to say: "I prefer a master who is a connoisseur to all those who are but amateurs."

We must, however, draw this notice to a close, and we regret to say that a cloud obscured the later days of this great composer's life, which had been of an activity and productiveness which we can scarcely imagine. The mind which had produced so many works—their number is said to exceed two thousand—having been strained beyond its powers, at length gave way. Orlando did not, however, long survive the loss of his reason. He died in 1595, and was interred in the church of the Franciscans at Munich, where a splendid monument, now removed, but happily rescued from destruction, marked the resting place of the phoenix of musicians:—

"*Ki ille est Lassus, lassum qui recreat orbem.*"

The Cadenza.

BY E. T. A. HOFFMANN.

At the exhibition of paintings in Berlin, in 1814, there was a painting by Hummel, called "the party at the Italian Locanda," which, by its lively and characteristic style, drew the eye of many a visitor. In an arbor luxuriantly verdant stands a table loaded with fruit and wine; two Italian ladies sit before it, opposite each other, one singing, the other accompanying her on the *Chitarra*; and behind them, between both, is an Abbate, acting the Music director. With raised staff, he is waiting for the moment when the signora is to finish by a long shake the Cadenza, which she is just now singing, the eye raised heavenward: he is giving the down beat, and the guitar player is boldly striking the dominant chord. The Abbate is full of admiration, full of happy enjoyment, and yet nervously excited.—He would not for the world miss the right moment of the downward beat. He hardly dares to breathe. He would like to close up mouth and wings of every bee or quail, to prevent all humming. And just now, in the most important moment, the bustling host brings in the wine that has been ordered. The prospect opens into an alley, crossed by brilliant gleams of light, and shows a horseman, who is taking a refreshing draught at the *locanda*.

This painting had attracted the two friends, Edward and Theodore. "The more I look at this rather old, but truly enthusiastic singer, in her gay dress," said Edward, "the more I delight in the serious, and genuine Roman profile, and in the beautiful form of the guitar-player: the more the excellent Abbate amuses me, and the more the whole appears to me real life. It is evidently caricatured, in the nobler sense of the word, but full of serenity and sweetness. I feel tempted to enter straightway into the arbor, and draw the cork from one of those pretty little flasks which stand on the table. Truly, I feel as though I smelt the sweet flavor of the noble wine. No, this excitement must not pass away in the cold, sober air, which surrounds us here. Come, let us go and empty a bottle of Italian wine in honor of this noble painting, of the art, of sweet Italy, where the classic soil inspires the soul."

Theodore stood silent and musing, while

Edward spoke the foregoing words. "Yes, let us do so," he replied, starting, as if awakened from a dream. But he could scarcely tear himself away from the painting, and when, mechanically following his friend, he was already at the door, he turned round, casting wistful glances at the singers and the Abbate. Edward's proposition was easily put in execution. Just over the way was Sala Tarone, the Italian restaurator, where they soon had, in his little private room, a bottle placed before them, just like that on the painting. "It strikes me," said Edward, when they had emptied a few glasses, and Theodore sat still silent and thoughtful, "it strikes me, this painting has exerted a very different influence on you, and one far less humorous than on me."

"I can assure you," replied Theodore, "that I have fully enjoyed the humorous and sweet character of this lively picture; but is it not very curious, that it represents a scene in my life, even to the exact portraiture of the acting persons? You will admit, that even cheerful reminiscences will excite the mind in an uncommon degree, springing up so unexpectedly as this did, as though it was called up by the magic wand of a sorcerer."

"In your life?" said Edward astonished, "this painting represents a scene in your life? I at once thought the singers and the Abbate to be real portraits, but I certainly had no idea of hearing from you the history of the painting. Come, let me have the story right off; we shall not be disturbed at this time of the day."

"I am very willing to do so," replied Theodore, "but it will be a long story, for I must go back to my young years."

"Never mind," replied Edward, "I know withal as yet but little of your younger days.—The worst effect of a long story will be that we empty a bottle more than we intended, and which neither one of us nor Mr. Sala Tarone will grudge."

Theodore began: "My mind had already begun very early to take that turn, which has made me now devote myself altogether to the noble art of music: even in the days of my boyhood, I did not care for anything else, and fingered day and night on my uncle's old, creaking harpsichord. Music was at a very low ebb in my little native place, and there was nobody to teach me but an old, stubborn organist. But he was a dead, unfeeling man of ciphers, calculation, and mathematics, teased and tantalized me by his tedious, ill-sounding *toccatas* and *fugues*. He could not, however, frighten me off, and I faithfully persisted in my predilection. Sometimes the old man would scold and grumble a great deal; but then he would sit down and play a well-wrought fugue in his forcible manner, and I would instantly forget all my grievances, and be reconciled to him and my art. I would sometimes have strange feelings come over me; and some theme, especially of old Sebastian Bach's composition, would appear to me like a ghastly, dreadful story; and I would feel the shudder, the youthful imagination so willingly delights in.

But I felt as happy as in Paradise, when winter came along ushering in the Concerts. These were given by the town musician, with his apprentices, assisted by a few rather feeble amateur players; and I was allowed, on account of my good time, to play the kettle drums. I was not then aware, how ridiculous the concerts generally were. My teacher generally played two concertos on the harpsichord, by Wolff or Emanuel Bach; an apprentice of the town musician tortured himself, the hearers, and his violin, by a concerto of Stamitz's; and the excise inspector blew most lustily on the flute, taking such a superabundance of breath, that he blew out both lights, which had regularly to be relighted. Singing was not to be had; a deficiency which my uncle, a devoted friend of music, very much regretted. He remembered with delight the old times, when the four organists of the four churches of the place united for the performance of "*Charlotte at Court*," in the Concert Saloon. He praised in particular the toleration which united the singers for this performance, the four churches being of a Catholic, Lutheran, and Re-

formed persuasion; which latter had split off into the German and French Reformed church. The French organist regularly took the part of Charlotte, which he executed in the most agreeable falsetto, with spectacles on nose.

There was in our place a Miss Meibel, a lady of fifty-five years of age, who had retired hither on a small pension, which she received from the court, where she had been singing formerly at court. My uncle thought, she might sing a little more, for the money, in our concerts. She kept back, and my uncle had to coax her to it; but at last she yielded, and we had in our concerts also grand *Arias di bravura*. This Miss Meibel was a strange person. I recollect, this very moment, her small, thin figure, exactly.—She used to step forward very solemnly and seriously, her part in her hands, and dressed in gaily flowered silks; and salute the audience by a slight bow of her head. She wore a curious head gear, on the fore part of which a bunch of Italian porcelain flowers was fixed, strangely trembling and nodding while she sang. When she had finished, and had been sufficiently applauded by the audience, she gave her part proudly to my teacher, who was then permitted to take a pinch from her porcelain snuff-box representing a pug-dog, and from which she also took a pinch with great glee. She had a disagreeable, squeaking voice, and always applied a number of trivial embellishments and ornaments; and you may imagine the ludicrous impression which this, together with her external appearance, made upon me. My uncle was delighted, much to my astonishment; for I agreed with the organist, who, holding vocal music altogether in contempt, used to give me, in his hypochondriac, malicious humor, a most amusing parody of the curious old lady.

The more I shared this contempt of song with my teacher, the more he thought me a musical genius. He instructed me with the greatest zeal in counterpoint, and I very soon began to compose the most intricate fugues and toccatas. I was just playing a very difficult piece of this kind to my uncle, on my nineteenth birth-day, when the waiter of the first hotel of our town entered the room, announcing two foreign ladies, that had just arrived. They followed him immediately, before my uncle found time to change his figured morning gown. You know what an exciting event every new appearance is, in the daily life of a small town. This had the greater effect on me, as it came so altogether unexpected across my path. Imagine two slender, well-formed Italian ladies, fantastically and gaily dressed after the latest fashion, stepping forward towards my uncle in a virtuoso-like, bold, and yet very sweet manner: and talking to him in a very loud, but agreeable voice. But what curious language do they speak? It sounds only now and then a little like our own German! My uncle does not understand a word: stepping back in great embarrassment, he silently offers them chairs. They sit down; they talk with each other; it sounds like music. At last they succeed in making themselves understood by my uncle: they are traveling singers, intending to give a concert in the place, and applying to him to prepare the way for it.

From what they spoke together, I found out their Christian names; and these seemed to give me a clue to the particular impression each one made on me, while they had hitherto only confused me. Lauretta, apparently the elder one, glancing briskly round with her beaming eyes, spoke with great vivacity and violent gesticulation, to my quite embarrassed uncle. She was not tall, but well formed. Teresina, taller, more slender, with an oblong, serious face, spoke but little, but more quietly and intelligently. Sometimes she smiled very curiously, as if amused by my good uncle, who ensconced himself into his silk morning gown, as into a case; trying in vain to hide a traitorous yellow ribbon, which tied the night dress, and constantly kept creeping more than a yard long out of his bosom. At last they rose: my uncle promised to arrange the concert for the third day; and was invited by them, together with myself, very civilly to the *cioccolata* (chocolate) in the afternoon. I had

been presented to them as a young virtuoso.

In the afternoon, we mounted very solemnly and heavily the stairs that led to their apartments; we both felt as though we had to encounter an adventure which was beyond our powers. My uncle, well prepared for the occasion, said many good things upon the art, which neither himself nor either of the others understood; while I had twice burnt my tongue with the scalding chocolate, yet smiled, a second Scævola, in stoical equanimity, at the furious pain. At last Lauretta said she would give us a song. Teresina took the guitar, tuned it, and gave some full chords. I had never heard the instrument before; and its peculiar, mysterious sound struck my imagination wonderfully. Lauretta began a tone *piano-pianissimo*, swelling it to *fortissimo*, and then suddenly breaking off into a running figure through one and a half octaves. I still remember the words of the beginning: *Sento l'amica speme*. I was out of myself; I had had no conception of that. But when Lauretta rose freer and bolder on the wings of song; when, more brightly sparkling, the brilliant tones played around me; music, that had lain so long dormant and lifeless within me, awoke, and rose into a bright and splendid flame. O! I had heard music for the first time in my life.

When she had finished, both sisters together sang those serious and deep duettos by the Abbate Steffani. Teresina's full and celestially pure Alto voice touched my very soul. I could not repress emotion; the tears gushed from my eyes. My uncle coughed, glancing disapprovingly at me, but in vain: I was indeed out of myself.—The sisters seemed to be pleased, they inquired about my musical studies. I was ashamed of what I had been doing in music hitherto, and exclaimed, emboldened by my enthusiasm, that but now, for the first time in my life, I had heard real music. "Il bon fanciullo," lisped Lauretta very sweetly. When I came home, I took, in a sort of fury, all the toccatas and fugues, which I had put together, nay, even forty-five variations on a canon, which the organist had composed and presented me in a neat copy, and threw them all into the fire, laughing scornfully at the smoking and crackling of the double counterpoint.—After that, I sat down at the instrument, trying first to imitate the tones of the guitar; then, to play the melodies which the sisters had sung; nay, at last, even to sing them. "Don't squeal so dreadfully, but go to your bed and sleep," cried my uncle at midnight, extinguishing both my lights. He had been awakened by my singing. I was obliged to obey. My dreams taught me the secret of singing—so I imagined—for I sang splendidly "*sento l'amica speme*."

For the next morning, my uncle had convoked every body that could in any way draw a bow or blow a pipe, for a rehearsal. He proudly meant to show how splendid our music was; but it turned out very unfortunately. Lauretta gave out a grand scena; but in the very first *recitativo*, all the instruments were in confusion: nobody had any idea of an accompaniment. Lauretta scolded, and cried of anger and impatience. The organist was at the piano, and she assailed him in particular with bitter reproaches. He rose and went out of doors in silent obstinacy. The town musician, incensed by an *Asino maledetto*, which Lauretta had dealt upon him, had taken his violin under his arm, and put on his hat in defiance. He too moved towards the door; and his men, putting their bows between the strings, and screwing off the mouth-pieces, followed. The amateurs alone remained, looking embarrassedly round; and the excise-gatherer exclaimed tragically, "O God, how it affects me!"

All my diffidence had left me; I ran after the town musician, entreating him, imploring him, to return; nay, even promising him six new minuets with double trio, for the public ball. I succeeded in appeasing him. He returned to his stand, his men following, and the orchestra was again completed, except that the organist was missing. He walked slowly along the market place; no beckoning nor calling brought him back. Teresina had all the while looked on with half stifled titling; Lauretta's anger had vanished on seeing

my ardor. She praised me beyond measure, and asked me whether I played the pianoforte; and before I had time to consider, I was seated in the place of the organist, with the score before me. I had never accompanied the voice, nor led an orchestra. But Teresina sat down by me, giving me the time of each movement; Lauretta gave me one encouraging *bravo* after another; the orchestra followed my direction, and it went very well. At the second rehearsal, every thing was understood; and the effect of the sisters' singing upon the audience in the concert itself was indescribable. Being engaged to sing at the concerts and upon the stage, at the festivals which were intended at the capital on the sovereign's return, and having no particular object in view until that time, they resolved to stay in our town; and thus they gave a few more concerts. The admiration of the public rose to ecstasy; only old Meibel took considerably a pinch of snuff from her porcelain pug-dog, and said that such impertinent bawling could not be called singing; the singing must be done *dolce*. The organist did not show himself any more, and I did not miss him. I was the happiest man under the sun.

I was all day with the sisters, accompanying them, and copying the parts from the scores for use in the capital. Lauretta was my beau-ideal: I bore very patiently all her ill-humor, her immoderate impetuosity, and her teasing me at the pianoforte; for was it not she, and she alone that had introduced me to genuine music? I began to study Italian, and to attempt the composition of canzonettas; and I felt as in heaven, when Lauretta sang my composition and praised it! It often appeared to me as though I had not thought and composed it, but that Lauretta's singing alone created the thoughts. As to Teresina, I could not make anything of her: she sang but seldom, and appeared not to care much for any thing I did; nay, even sometimes to ridicule me in secret.

(To be Continued.)

"Beatrice et Benedict," by Hector Berlioz, at Baden.

(From the Baden Illustration.)

The piece is based upon the Latin proverb, so well known, and so debatable (I beg your pardon, ladies!), "Si vis amari, ama," "If you wish to be loved, begin by setting the example yourself." The great king, Louis XIV., surrounded by the fascinations of the most beautiful and most noble women of his day, the Lavallieres, the Montespons, and the Fontanges, was not proof against the love displayed for him by a mere gardener's daughter. Beatrice is, of course, a thousand times better than a gardener's daughter, but it is solely because Benedict learns, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she loves him, that he sets about loving her, and *vice versa*. Now this revelation takes place on the stage for Benedict, but not for Beatrice. This is an omission which not only tinges a certain degree of obscurity on the design of the work, but which ought to have been filled up both dramatically and musically. A female trio, corresponding to the trio of the men, would not have been superfluous, perhaps, to explain the sudden passion of the beautiful and refractory Beatrice, which is the important part of the knot to be untied; for a woman, as far as appearances go at least, is slower to fall in love than a man, and does not surrender without being duly called upon, as it is the right, if not the duty of a man to do. This ought to have been sung, because song is the especial and peculiar action of a musical work; and, with all due deference to Beaumarchais and his witty remark at his own expense, it is precisely when things are worth being spoken that they ought, in opera, to be sung.

M. Berlioz will, of necessity, repair the above omission, if, as appears most certain, his new opera is revived this winter and produced in Paris.

When we recollect that a mediocre libretto has often proved sufficient to mar irrevocably excellent music—such for instance, as that of the *Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.*, of which the marvellous overture alone managed to survive—we must admire and congratulate M. Berlioz all the more on having succeeded in rendering his music effective, connected, as it is, with a series of situations by no means definite or precise. Had he had a clear and amusing book like that of *Le Domino Noir*, it is impossible to say how success-

his own way, ... to his own way; we have turn-ed, ev'-ry
 turned, ev'-ry one to his own way; we have turn-ed, ev'-ry
 one ... to his own way; we have turn-ed,
 turned, ev'-ry one ... to his own way; we have turn-ed,

one to his own way; All we like sheep,
 one to his own way; All we like sheep, have
 ev'-ry one to his own way; All we like sheep,

have gone a-stray, ... have gone a-stray ...
 gone a-stray, ... have gone a-stray, ...
 have gone a-stray, ... have gone a-stray, ...

[illegible]

ev'-ry one to his own way; we have

ev'-ry one to his own way; we have turn - ed, we have

ev'-ry one to his own way; we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed,

turn - ed, we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed,

we have turn - ed, ev'-ry

we have turn - ed, ev'-ry

ed, we have turn - ed, ev'-ry one to

ed, we have turn - ed, ev'-ry one to

one to his own way, we have turn - ed, ev'-ry one to

one to his own way, we have turn - ed, ev'-ry one to

8

ful his opera might have been; even as it is, I believe it will run, and for a long time, too, despite the imperfection of the subject: for it contains a duet, which we must, without being commonplace, designate a *chef-d'œuvre*, and which will live as long as French music lives. It is already imprinted on the memory of everyone at Baden, and it will speedily be on that of every lover of musical art in Europe. I allude to the admirable inspiration which terminates the first act, and which, having left Baden on August 11 last, will evidently, within the year, make the round of Europe—in the concert-rooms most assuredly, and on the stage likewise, I believe. It cannot be compared to "La ci darem la mano," the duet in *Guillaume Tell*, that in *Otello*, or ought else known on the stage. It is something standing quite apart. Two charming girls, in a garden at night, sing the beauties of nature, viewed, or rather felt, in the mysterious light: this is all, neither more nor less. Eugene Scribe would never have thought of such a *hors-d'œuvre*, any more than M. Berlioz, as a librettist will ever invent the complications of the *Ambasciata*, the *Fiancée* or *Lestocq*; but, as a composer, he fully makes up for his deficiency in this respect, for the duo is as fine as—what shall I say?—the *Lac*, of Lamartine, its congener: here I stop, and, naturally do not add one word more of praise.

Another charming duet, or, rather, *duettino*, which ends the piece, was more successful at the pianoforte rehearsal than in performance. It is the duet sung by the principal personages (Héro aside) when they are reconciled and married. Its comparative failure results, I think, from the excessive and too great peal of the orchestral accompaniment, reproducing the principal motive of the overture, and depressing the exquisite strains of this final invocation to the god of our soul. M. Berlioz when writing in future for the human voice—which he has hitherto done too seldom, but will certainly now do more and more—will have, I think, to refrain—also more and more—from similar refinements of science, from similar examples of *chant contre chant*, which may sometimes be allowed as curiosities and certificates of knowledge, but which frequently injure each other. He may, also, give himself up with greater confidence to that melodic inspiration which, as we are at present aware, he possesses, abundantly, and which (as we learned long ago) will always be, in his case, lofty, spiritual, original, and eminently opposed to commonplace.

The other remarkable pieces in the score are, firstly the overture, reproduced in the form of a *scherzo* at the end of the work, beginning *à trois temps* (three-eight), and finishing *à deux temps*, like Caspar's famous air in *Der Freyschütz*; the duet between Beatrice and Benedict; the dance-air, eminently corybantic; the male trio, "Me marier, Dieu me pardonne!" Benedict's *rondo*, "A! je vais l'aimer!" Beatrice's air, and the "Nuptial March," supported by a good orchestral rhythm. All this difficult music requiring on the part of the executant continual vigilance, attention, and, I will even add, tension, was given most admirably by Mesdames Charton-Demeur, Monrose, Geoffroy, MM. Montaubry, Balanque, Prilleux, Geoffroy, and Lefort.

As for the Baden orchestra, I can say no more than that it was equal to that from Karlsruhe, which had been so justly applauded, two evenings previously, for its performance of C. Kreutzer's opera.

The second representation of *Beatrice et Benedict* was preceded by *La Servante Maîtresse*, the music by Pergolese, and the French words a translation of *La Serva Padrona*. It is a remarkable fact that the same work was revived on the very same day at the Opera Comique, Paris. The bones of the poor author of the *Stabat* and so many enchanting "Siciliennes" must have trembled with delight in their forgotten grave—a grave which will, probably, never be discovered. Despite the weakness of the accompaniment, a quartet and two bassoons, the old work pleased the audience, and most of the pieces appeared what they really are—fresh and charming. Mad. Geoffroy and M. Balanque were very spirited in the various comic situations, which are sufficiently amusing. They were supported only by a non-speaking character—Scapin—played by M. Geoffroy. This is not because Pergolese wished to avoid any occasion for writing a trio, which he was very capable of doing, although his famous *Stabat* is composed for only two voices. It is simply the result of a stupid restriction which oppressed the small theatres at Naples in the year (of little grace) 1781, and which prohibited the appearance of more than two singing characters in any work played at the theatres frequented by the people. After the lapse of a century and a half, or thereabouts, it must be owned that, in this respect, we have not advanced much in France. At the above date, when there were no railways or electric

telegraphs, novelties travelled but slowly; it was not until 1754 that Baurans translated, for the French stage, *La Serva Padrona* of the young, illustrious, and unfortunate composer of Ancona. His version, written so long after the original, had an immense success. It was the eminently charming Mad. Favart who played the part represented at Baden by Mad. Geoffroy. When the piece had been performed some hundreds of times, Baurans had it printed, and dedicated it, with justice, to the young and seductive actress, with the following quatrain:

"Nature un jour épousa l'Art,
De leur amour naquit Favart,
Qui semble venir de sa mère
Tout ce qu'elle doit à son père."

FELIX MORNAUD.

Music Abroad.

BERLIN.—The correspondent of the London Musical World, Sept. 6, writes:

We have had a *début* at the Royal Opera House, the *débütante* being Mad. Richter, from the theatre at Basle. The opera selected by the fair aspirant for public favor was Beethoven's *Fidelio*, in which she, as a matter of course, assumed the principal part.—One of the greatest difficulties, with which the management has to contend must, undoubtedly, be to find a lady to replace a celebrity like Mad. Köster, for such she must, in every respect, be denominated. In the present mournful state of the opera in Germany, where the art of singing—if art it can be called—is running more and more riot every day, and where the paucity of genuine and properly trained vocalists is increasing with terrible rapidity, this difficulty must be a most serious one—all the more serious because, in the classic school of music, there is nothing to be effected by mere cross naturalism, unaided by a thorough course of conscientious and well-directed study. The higher the position occupied by Mad. Köster, one of the few duly accredited high-priestesses of dramatic singing, who belonged to a better time, the more allowance ought we to make—bearing in mind the present state of things—for such fair artists as would follow in her line of business, to adopt a professional expression. It is true that this allowance should be made rather in the case of young beginners, endowed with natural talent, and giving promise of future excellence, than in that of persons who appear, in all they do, to have attained their artistic apogée. To these last belongs Mad. Richter. Her voice, a *mezzo-soprano*, has long passed its prime; a certain vocal routine does not supply the place of correct phrasing and impressive warmth of feeling; while, in difficult passages, the way in which the lady undignifiedly counts the *tempo* proves that she has not sufficiently mastered the purely musical part of her task to display the requisite freedom in the histrionic portion. Added to this, her manners are those which characterize the member of a provincial theatre: she frequently takes breath in the middle of a word, and she is altogether deficient in good taste; so that the effect she produces is, on the whole, despite many pleasing qualities, a far from satisfactory one. The management cannot be blamed for giving every person a trial. I only hope, for its own sake, as well as for that of the public, that it may at last succeed in discovering and retaining the best available talent. For theatres of middling rank Mad. Richter would, decidedly, be a valuable acquisition, but, most assuredly, she is not competent to fill the position of a *prima donna* at the Royal Opera House, Berlin. Herr Krause was excellent in the part of Rocco, a part peculiarly suited to his powers. Mlle. Zochiesche's singing, as Marzelline, was correct and sure, but it would add much to the effect of her performance if she could moderate the somewhat shrill sound of her voice, and get rid of a certain tameness which attends all she does. Herren Betz (Pizarro), Krüger (Florestan), and Koser (Jacquino), acquitted themselves of their often difficult tasks with commendable zeal. The second appearance of Mlle. Antonini, as Elvira, in Auber's *Muette di Portici*, confirmed me in the opinion I formed of her at her first performance of the part. Mad. Selling played Fenella for the first time, and took the audience quite by surprise. She is a pupil of Paul Taglionni, and displays great aptitude for pantomimic impersonation. Her movements and gestures are as attractive as they are natural, while her appearance is exceedingly graceful and pleasing. The remaining principal characters—namely, Masaniello, Pietro, and Alfonso, were intrusted to Herren Wowsorsky, Fricko and Krüger, respectively.

The manager of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtsches Theatre, whose activity in producing new and old

operas, or operas rarely performed here, cannot be sufficiently praised, has just brought out a youthful work by Rossini. It is a two-act operetta, entitled *Bruschino*, composed, probably, for the carnival season in Italy. This is tolerably evident from the burlesque and scant *libretto*; but the music throughout bears the stamp of the composer of *Il Barbiere*. The cantilenas interwoven with *solfeggios*, and the invariably flowing and well-conceived concerted music, are so many testimonies of the great talent which once captivated every one with its tones, and the works of which, such as *Guillaume Tell*, *Il Barbiere*, *Mosé*, &c., still constitute the gems of every repertory. A critical analysis of the eight numbers which form the operetta is the more unnecessary as Rossini's peculiar style, in all its pleasing light charm, has been so frequently, and at such length, described and discussed. The execution presents no difficulties, and all the parts are of easy compass.—The overture in which (another evidence, by the way, of the work having been written for a carnival audience) the violinists are directed to tap, at times, with the back of their bows on the brass, was judiciously omitted, in order not to begin by leading the audience astray. The concerted music is highly effective, especially the charming quartet of the second act, in which the parodistical element is displayed with great talent, and the finale with the repetition of the melodious *polacca*. The performance, thanks to the way the operetta had been rehearsed under the direction of the conductor, Herr Lang, afforded unmistakable proof of the great pains taken by all concerned. Mlle. Härtling overcame, with much skill, the many *brusura* difficulties of a Rossinian soubrette part, and played, moreover, with great humor and effect; in the quartet just mentioned, especially, she was most warmly applauded. The bass voice of Herr Leinaner was heard to advantage in his first *buffo* air, and in the pleasing *cantilena* which commences the final trio of the first act; while Herr Leszinsky was equally good, both vocally and dramatically. Herr Schindler might exaggerate a trifle less. His face and gestures are too frequently most unlike those of any human being I ever beheld. The fact of there being no chorus in the operetta, renders the latter all the more practicable for small theatres. From the interest evinced, and the applause bestowed by the audience it is certain that no manager would have cause to regret adding to his repertory this operetta, which is for most people, remember, a novelty by Rossini, and, as a matter of course, interesting to every lover of music.

Cherubini.

(Continued from page 196).

[A Gap occurs between this and the last published chapter, which will be supplied at a future period.—Ed. M. W.]

The Germans have frequently been reproached with allowing their great musicians to starve during their lifetime. There is some truth in the accusation, though the evil is not so great as it is asserted to be by popular report, which generally singles out a few individual cases, and ignores hundreds of a contrary description. But that other countries, also, and among them France, which is always so highly extolled, affords instances of great artists being neglected, is proved by the case of Cherubini, who, till he was nearly sixty—that is to say, during the far greater portion of his life—had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties.

Cherubini received nothing from his parents. He was the tenth child of a family of twelve, all of whom he survived.* His father died in 1792. At this period, Cherubini resided in the Carthusian monastery at Gaillon, which the architect Louis, one of his most intimate friends, had turned into a country house for himself. It was here the *maestro* passed the years 1792 and 1793, as, on principle, he avoided Paris and its revolutionary tempests. Although we asserted (in section No. II. of this sketch) that the change produced in men's ideas by the revolution exerted a deep influence on his musical style, it is a characteristic fact that the patriotic enthusiasm which at that period, seized even upon musicians, and impelled them to compose revolutionary songs, &c., did not affect Cherubini. He wrote nothing of this kind; while, after Rouget de l'Isle's "Chant de l'Armée du Rhin" ("La Marseillaise"), "Méhul composed 'Le Chant du Départ,' 'Le Chant de Victoire,' and 'Le Chant de Retour';" Gossec, "La Ronde du Camp," the "Hymn to Reason," the "Hymn for the Festival of the Supreme Being;" Gaveaux, "Le Réveil du Peuple," &c.

In the opera of *Eliza, ou le Mont St. Bernard*, moreover, we cannot attribute any patriotic or political

* The difference existing in the supposed dates of his birth has been now explained by his having been born on the 8th September, 1760, but not baptised till the 14th.

motive to the composer, although the passage of the French over Mount St. Bernard forms a part of the story. The beautiful music, too, especially the music of the first act, portrays a feeling very different from that of war and freedom, namely, the feeling of love which had obtained possession of the composer's heart. In the year 1794, Cherubini married Cecilia Tourette, the daughter of a musician of the Royal Band. Her admirable heart and mind, her musical education, and her faithful attachment to him through life, proved a support and a solace under all circumstances. As a monument of his love, there is a song by him, entitled "L'Amitié," dating from the year 1792.

It is true that his marriage increased his anxieties in a pecuniary sense. Operatic compositions for the stage yielded, at that time, little, even in Paris. Musicians were then far from receiving the large sums, paid down, and their subsequent share in the receipts which now make *Compositeurs de succès* rich people. It was not until the Conservatory was founded that Cherubini received a public appointment. Sarette, the real founder of an institution since so famous, had, in the spirit of the age, managed to secure the interest of the influential party for the bands of the National Guard, on the staff of which he was captain. In the first place, he formed a musical body of 45 members, and then an *Ecole gratuite de Musique de la Garde Nationale* (9th June, 1790), consisting of 70 musicians. From this, thanks to his exertions, there sprang an *Institut Nationale de Musique* (decree of the Convention, November 8, 1793), comprising, under his direction, 115 artists and 600 pupils, for the purpose "of celebrating musically the national festivals!"—At length, out of this was organized the *Conservatoire de Musique*, by a decree of the 25th October, 1795. The classes were open on the 30th October, 1796. The direction was confided to Sarette, in addition to whom five inspectors were appointed—namely, Gossec, Grétry, Méhul, Lesueur and Cherubini.

Cherubini had now an appointment, but the salary attached to it was very small, and not sufficient to defray his most necessary expenses. Napoleon did nothing, as has already been stated more at length, to improve the position of the celebrated composer; it was not until the Hundred Days that he even named him a member of the Legion of Honor. The Restoration neglected the Conservatory as being a creation of the Republic.* Yet Cherubini had to thank it for an amelioration in condition, being appointed professor of composition, and receiving (from 1816—that is to say, not till he was in his fifty-sixth year) a salary of 3000 francs. He was, moreover, as Louis XVIII. raised the number of musical academicians from three to six, made a member of the academy.

Now, at length, the shortcomings of the Conservatory became too outrageous. The Marquis de Lauriston, Minister of the Royal House, took the matter seriously in hand. He perceived that a considerable improvement of the funds of the institution, and energy in the management of its internal affairs, could alone raise it once again. He thought that Cherubini was the right man for this object, and he was not wrong. He named Cherubini, on April 1, 1822, not Inspector-General, but actual *Director* of the Institution.

A salary of 8,000 francs, with 1,500 francs instead of a residence, now first enabled Cherubini to lead a life free from anxiety. But it was full time, for he was already in the middle of his sixty-second year! His salary was subsequently raised to 10,000 francs altogether. Until now, a composer who was celebrated throughout Europe had inhabited a modest set of rooms, on the third floor of the house, No. 19

* Sarette was dismissed, without a word, on the 28th December, 1814. It is true he recovered his place during the Hundred Days, but he lost it again in 1815. Louis XVIII. indeed, perceived what a wrong had been done to one who had exerted himself so much for the advantage of the institution, and, in 1817, made him a member of the Legion of Honor, his patent dating Dec. 7, 1814; but Sarette never obtained another place. It was not until very recently, a few weeks before his death (April 11, 1858), that his honor received full satisfaction, when it was resolved that a marble bust of him should be erected in the principal room of the Conservatory, where it now stands, sculptured by Polletin. The resolution in question cheered up for a moment the last days of the old man, then ninety-three years of age. The management of the Conservatory was intrusted to Perne, with the title of Inspector-General. The Government did nothing, however, for the institution, which it literally allowed to perish. The *Histoire du Conservatoire de Musique*, by Lassabathie, published at Paris, in 1860, contains remarkable and almost incredible proofs of this. There were several teachers, who did not receive more than 500 francs' salary. The whole establishment was in a wretched condition. Many of the classes had no instruments; nay, in the first year, there was a deficiency of firewood, old furniture, and old pianos being burnt up instead. Perne was a thorough musician, as well as a scholar and author. He did his best to obtain better salaries for the masters, and to introduce order into the establishment; but all in vain. In 1821, or at the commencement of 1822, he resigned his post.

Faubourg Poissonnière. In his bedroom stood, opposite the fireplace, a small piano of five and a half octaves, which had served him for years, when he was composing. At one end of it, before a window, was his writing table. The instrument came from the workshop of old Sebastian Erard, and Cherubini set very great store on it. In fact, whenever he went to visit any of his friends, out of Paris, as, for instance, at Châmy, Chartres, Gaillon, &c., he always took it with him. After his death, his widow gave it to Pierre Erard, for the latter's collection of historically remarkable instruments, and in this collection it now is, by the side of the pianos of Gluck and Piccini.

Immediately Cherubini had assumed the reigns of government, he began his work, and soon set everything upon a firmer footing. Directly he was the master, he showed that he possessed great talent for arrangement and administration, while his long practical experience proved most valuable to him in settling what should be the course of instruction in each class, and perfecting the method to be pursued. He was, it is true, seconded in his efforts by an admirable professional staff, which comprised such men as Lesueur, Berton, Boieldieu, Reicha, Féty, and Daussoigne, for the theory of composition; Lays, Garat, Plantade, Pouchard, Blangini, Bordogni and Garaudé, for singing; and Benoist, Pradher, Zimmermann, L'Adam, Rudolph Kreutzer, Baillot, Habeneck, Baudiot, Lavasseur, Lefebvre, Delcambre, Vogt, &c., for instrumental music. The management of the library, on which great care had been bestowed since the very foundation of the Institution, was retained by Perne a year under Cherubini's direction. He then retired to a little estate he possessed near Laon, where he died in 1832, aged sixty. His writings on the system of notation of the Greeks, and on the music of the Middle Ages, had rendered his name generally known.

As early as August, 1822, on Cherubini's request, the *Pensionat*, which had been abolished, was restored at the Conservatory, as were, soon afterwards, the public essays of the pupils in orchestral and vocal performances, to which all those persons were invited who had gained the first prize since 1816. These performances were the prelude to the *Société des Concerts du Conservatoire*, afterwards founded by Habeneck (1828).

(To be continued.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Handel's "Messiah."

Mozart's Masses.

We commence on the first page of this day's paper, the translation of an interesting article about Mozart's Masses. It is written by a South German, and from a Roman Catholic point of view. But Mozart was a Catholic, a very devout one when he wrote these Masses, and an understanding of this fact is in truth essential to their full appreciation. Naturally enough the writer is somewhat more enthusiastic about these early efforts of that wonderful genius, than most German musicians of the present day, familiar with the larger, and maturer sacred works of Bach, Beethoven and Cherubini, can be. But then it is right that the young Mozart should be judged sympathetically; it is the quality of the *genius*, revealed in his earliest and slightest works as well as in his greatest, which constitutes the chief claim in a man so full of genius as Mozart was; it is the purity of his musical instinct, the fullness of his inspiration, the imaginative method, habit, tone of his whole mind and being, which interests us, far more than his complete musicianship (the acquired art of handling his ideas and instruments), in which, as Oulibicheff contends and no one doubts, he summed up in himself the whole history and growth of musical art up to his own time. The name Oulibicheff re-

minds us again how Mozart inspires enthusiasm in all who come near to him; his only live biography was written by an enthusiast; only by such enthusiasm (of course not without knowledge and judgment) could the true life be written, could the man and the works be set before us fairly.

In the case of these Masses, therefore, which have charmed and edified so many music-lovers at some time in their lives, even if increase of musical experience and wider acquaintance with great compositions has since greatly modified their sense of their importance, we can easily make allowance for all that is over-partial in the writer, while we are thankful to him or to any one who brings us any nearer to any side or period of so marvellously interesting an individuality as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. If his Masses (always excepting the immortal *Requiem*) are comparatively small and unimportant works by the side of such mighty masterpieces as Bach's Mass in B minor and the *Missa Solemnis* of Beethoven, rising like a vast Cologne Cathedral among ordinary Masses, they acquire a peculiar interest from the fact of their extremely youthful origin:—they were all composed between Mozart's *fifteenth* and *twentieth* year! Yet they are real music; full of deep feeling and of true expression; parts of them dignified and serious in style, worked up with real contrapuntal skill, drawing from large resources of the school musician, and yet never destitute of fluid and spontaneous charm. In short the prevailing impression, after going through a number of the Masses, in spite of some somewhat secular and superficial passages, is that of truly *sacred* music; the youthful fervor and exuberance may be outgrown, but it is not the less real and divine.

Our author, however, with all his admiration, is not blind to the weak points in these early Masses, and gives us for the most part a pretty faithful estimate of each work under consideration. His classification of the Masses under the two heads of "Strict Style" and "Beautiful Style" must of course be taken relatively (to other and earlier models). He treats of only *twelve* Masses, citing the first measures of each. Novello's collection, by which Mozart's Masses are chiefly known in this country, contains two or three more, besides the *Requiem*, and numbers them differently. Here we have them in the order of their date of composition. No. 1, is not found in Novello; No. 2 is No. 3 in Novello, and so on. Many lovers of Mozart's Mass music will be surprised not to find their favorite "Twelfth Mass" (in G) even alluded to in this review; in spite of its beauties and strong Mozartean features, we believe it is now generally conceded among the learned ones in Germany, that Mozart never wrote it; Jahn, the very thorough critical biographer, is said to be of this opinion. The new thematic catalogue of Mozart's works names *twenty* Masses; this includes the *Requiem* (the last work of his life) and several Masses of his boyhood (before the age of fifteen). Of this remarkable Catalogue, by Dr. L. R. von Köchel, recently published in Leipzig, we shall have something to say.

The Works of Gluck.

A recent number of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* gives a complete catalogue of the works of this great master spirit and reformer (in his day)

of the lyrical drama:—a catalogue based on the researches of Dr. A. B. Marx, whose very able book, "Gluck and the Opera," accompanies almost every detail with instructive comments. Gluck, it is well known, had reached the age of mature manhood before he appeared as a reformer in his *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, which was first produced at Vienna in 1762 (some earlier biographers say 1764, making him about fifty years old). This was the beginning of the grand immortal series of lyrical tragedies by which he is now chiefly, indeed almost exclusively known, namely: *Orpheus*, *Alceste* (with its famous preface setting forth the true principles of any noble marriage between the musical and the dramatic art), *Armida*, and the two *Iphigenias*. Would that even these were better and more widely known! Would that they ever came upon our lyrical stage at all here, and in most parts of the music-loving world, instead of being almost entirely confined to the Royal Opera House in Berlin, besides an occasional performance of one or two of them in Dresden or Vienna! Paris, with much fuss and labor, has achieved one solitary revival lately of the *Orpheus* (and that too in a mutilated form, we understand), although Paris claims with pride a large part of Gluck's greatest period as its own. In London and Manchester the music of *Orpheus*, without scene and action, has been brought out several times under the genuine classical impulse of Mr. Charles Halle', and we are not sure that that work, and perhaps also the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, have not in time past figured a few times in London theatres. Here in Boston some choruses and airs, indeed a whole act or more of *Orpheus*, has been enthusiastically sung by an amateur club to delighted audiences composed of their friends; and this one little item is probably the whole account of the attention paid to Gluck's music, beyond here and there an aria or chorus, and the *Iphigenia* overture, in this Beethoven-Verdi-loving country. And yet these operas are the purest, noblest, most poetic and dramatic models which exist in the whole repertoire of Opera. Such they are by the world's consent, that is, by the consent of all those who have taken pains, competently, to satisfy themselves about it, and to whom, as in most matters of higher taste and knowledge, the world is content to defer. Certainly the American, travelling in Europe for the sake of hearing what is best in music, will find no purer, rarer, nobler pleasure than he may get by listening for the first time, and as frequently as possible, to the operas of Gluck as given at the Berlin Royal Opera House. Mozart and Beethoven are great too, and must remain so; greater even and richer in purely musical respects, greater possibly in imaginative genius and invention; but no one is or can be greater, truer, and at the same time so simple, as Gluck in dramatic music as such. If our showy "Academies" of Music in New York, Philadelphia and Boston answered in any true sense to their name, the singers would be set to studying, not always Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer and Verdi, but sometimes these simpler, chaste and noble models of their double art with which Gluck has enriched the world, if the world only would!

We trust Dr. Marx's work, (which ought to be translated) will call more general attention to the music of the neglected master. Meanwhile we contribute a small mite to that end by ap-

pending the catalogue above referred to. It will be seen that a long list of operas precedes the composition of the *Orpheus*:—operas representing the long apprenticeship which Gluck served in the weak and sickly Italian style of the day.

In the subjoined catalogue it should be promised that we have rendered the word "Singspiel," of the original, "Piece interspersed with Music," and "Festspiel," "Festive Piece," that is, a piece written for some particular festival or commemoration, and entitled by the French "piece d'occasion."

- (?) *De Profundis*.
- 1741 *Arteserse*. Opera.
- 1742 *Demofonte*. Opera.
- Clonice* (Demetrio). Opera.
- Ipermestra*. Opera.
- 1743 *Siface*. Opera.
- Artame*. Opera.
- 1744 *Fedra*. Opera.
- 1745 *Il Rè Porro* (Alessandro nel Sordie.) Opera.
- 1746 *La Caduta de' Giganti*. Opera.
- 1747 *Le Nozze d'Ercole e d'Ebe*. Festive Piece.
- 1748 *Semiramide Riconosciuta*. Opera.
- 1749 *Tetide Qudernes Traette*. Serenade.
- 1749-50 *Telenaco*. Opera.
- 1751 *La Clemenza di Tito*. Opera.
- 1754 *Le Cinesi*. Festive Piece.
- L'Orfano de la Cina*. Ballet.
- 1754-55 *Il Trionfo di Camillo*. Opera.
- Antigono*. Opera.
- 1755 *La Danza*. Pastorale.
- L'Innocenza giustificata*. Opera.
- Les Amours Champêtres*. Piece interspersed with music.
- 1756 *Il Rè Pastore*. Opera.
- Le Chinois poli en France*. Piece interspersed with music.
- Dequisement pastoral*. Piece interspersed with music.
- 1758 *L'île de Merlin*. Piece interspersed with music.
- La fousse Esclave*. Piece interspersed with music.
- 1750 *A Cythère assiegée*. Piece interspersed with music.
- (?) *L'Arbre Enchanté*. Piece interspersed with music.
- 1760 *Tetide*. Serenade.
- L'Iroque, Corrigé*. Piece interspersed with music.
- 1761 *Don Juan*. Ballet.
- Le Cadi O dupé*. Piece interspersed with music.
- (?) *Le Diable à Quatre*. Piece interspersed with music.
- 1761 *Il Trionfo di Clelia*. Opera.
- (?) *A scene from Bérénice*.
- 1762 *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*. Piece interspersed with music.
- Orpheus*. Opera.
- 1763 *Ezio*. Opera.
- 1764 *La Rencontre imprévue*. Operetta.
- 1765 *Il Parnasso Confuso*. Festive Piece.
- La Carona*. Festive Piece.
- 1767 *Alceste*. Opera.
- 1769 *Paris ed Helena, Prologo delle Feste d'Apollo*. Festive Piece.
- Ariste*. Festive Piece.
- (?) *Klopstock's Odeon and Lieder*.
- (?) *Hermannsschlacht*.
- 1774 *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Opera.
- 1777 *Armida*. Opera.
- 1779 *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Opera.
- Echo et Narcisse*.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.—Mr. HENRY SCHRIMPF, whose card appears in our advertising columns, is an accomplished and gentlemanly musician, although he has preferred hitherto to practise as an amateur, whom we can cordially recommend as a teacher.—He is a graduate of the Conservatoire at Leipzig; accustomed to the society of the good artists in Germany and in Paris; and has enjoyed the friendship of Stephen Heller, from whom he brought a letter to this country. Besides being an excellent violinist and a good pianist, he has made music generally, including composition in all the classical forms, a matter of earnest study and is competent to teach it. Mr. Schrimpf has lived about a year in Boston, teaching a few pupils in a private way, without announcement, and giving great satisfaction. His unobtrusive, refined, amiable manners have won him the esteem of those who have had the fortune to make his acquaintance.

It is pleasant to notice the deserved compliment paid to Mr. Benj. F. White, who has had charge of the music at the old Federal Street Church for several years, and recently, at the Arlington Street Church.

BOSTON, SEPT. 12, 1862.

B. F. WHITE, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in communicating to you the following unanimous vote of the Prudential Committee of the Arlington Street Church, passed at their meeting held to-day, viz:

"Voted, That the thanks of this Committee, and also of the Religious Society which they represent, are due to Mr. BENJAMIN F. WHITE, for his faithful, untiring and gratuitous services, for a long time of years, as Chairman of the Committee on Music; and that a copy of this vote be furnished to Mr. White, by the Clerk, as evidence that his labors and zeal are remembered and duly appreciated by those who have long enjoyed the benefit of them."

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,
ELISHA BASSETT, Clerk.

EXHIBITION MUSIC. Heretofore we have read nothing but eulogiums upon the pieces written by Meyerbeer and Auber for the opening of the International exhibition. Mr. Thomas last week introduced them to a New York audience, and we think there must be some justice in the following remarks of the *Musical Review*:

We have been told, for instance, that Auber's inauguration music created quite a sensation in London, that nothing fresher, nothing more charming could be imagined than this last inspiration (!) of the very old composer. Well, now we know, what all the "freshness," all this "charm" means, and that a more trashy and dull composition could not have been written even by second rate composers. This *musique d'occasion* gives a very poor opinion of the occasion which prompted it, of the taste which approved of it, and of the powers still at the disposal of the composer. Again, we had to read, at the time when Meyerbeer's Schiller March was first brought out, that nothing could have been more worthy of the grand occasion for which the music was written, than this march. After having heard it at this concert, we fully admit, that nothing grander can be found than this total absence of ideas evinced in this March. To honor Schiller with such emptiness, with such want of imaginative powers, is an insult to the poet who excelled in these very powers. If anything, so this march will prove the decline, on which the composer has been traveling since he wrote his "Huguenots." If we say, that the aria from the Prophet, which followed the march, sounded like music, it can be imagined how little of this must have been in the March, for the idea in the aria are as forced and unnatural as they possibly can be. Ah, how was all this artificial show of ornamental work, covering so little of real and lasting value, swept away by the first strains of the overture to "Oberon!" Fortunately for all the poetical followers of the Romantic School of Music, Weber has proved in this overture, that romanticism and inventive powers can go very well together. We could almost doubt it, if we hear most of the modern compositions of this class.

GREENWICH, R. I.—The *Pendulum*, Sept. 26, has the following account of an Organ Exhibition and Concert:

On Friday evening last we had the pleasure of listening to the New Organ just completed for the M. E. Church in Greenwich. The programme consisted of a good selection of vocal pieces rendered by a select choir with fine effect, under the direction of Mr. Eben Tourjee. These and a variety of Fugues and arrangements particularly adapted to test the qualities of the organ were introduced by Mr. H. P. Pierce, of New Bedford; Mr. Edwin Baker, of Providence; Mr. E. Tourjee, and Mr. L. F. Snow. Mr. Pierce's skill in combining and contrasting the different stops in his extempore performance on this occasion, seemed highly satisfactory although some of his pieces, to be sure, were not strictly classical in the highest sense; but it was understood of course that the leading object was to show the fine points of the Organ to a promiscuous audience not yet educated to organ music.

This instrument was built by Mr. George Stevens of East Cambridge, Mass., and is a fine specimen of his well-known skill and taste. The material and finish of the whole work is certainly of a superior order, and the voicing throughout is pronounced to be remarkably pure and sweet, particularly the Gamba, Hautboy, Melodia, Flute, Karamophon and the Diapasons, which are full and clear. It has manuals

from C C to G, in all 56 notes, 22 Registers, two octaves of Pedals from C C C to C. The action work is extended, and the swell is carried through, which is very effective.

MISS CARLOTTA PATTI, if we may trust the general voice of newspaper criticism, has been successful in her debuts. But the New York correspondent of the *Evening Gazette*, who appears to write thoughtfully, does not quite chime in with the chorus. It is well to read the worst, as well as the best, that can be said, and then we shall not expect too much, which is the unkindest thing a public can do to a singer. He says:

The results obtained from this *coup d'essai* were that Carlotta Patti never can become a prima donna in the true sense of that injured term. The contrivance to obviate apparent lameness enabled her to move slowly and constrainedly, with a decided limp. She of course had no by-play or freedom of movement to carry out the character. Her voice is very thin and weak in the upper notes, and the quality of them, when produced other than in staccato accents of the scale, is unpleasant. It is very unequal and incompetent to loud singing, and she therefore has recourse to sudden transitions from a scream or shout in the medium tones, either in *sotto voce* treatment of passages in *alto*, or change of text, so as to bring it her best traits in vocalization—staccato runs and touches of an extreme high note in a very diminutive tone. The only parts of her vocal performance creditable to a finished vocalist were the conclusion of the cavatina and the slow movement of the rondo finale. She displayed admirable execution in the repeat of the allegro, throwing off brilliants in taking style, but in every close she made appeals to sensation seekers by shouts in doses that seemed as if her lungs or throat would burst in the effort. The chamber-scene finale she acts badly, from sheer inability, it would appear, to sing that passionate music. Sympathy for Patti infinitely softened the critical disappointment of that public, who, at least, expected a vocal wonder—but general derision awaited the overdoing of floral tributes early in the opera.—Bouquets, wreaths, harps, stars, baskets, were handed or thrown upon the stage with profusion, and the clique worked hard in stampeed for a furor. It could not be made, however, and Carlotta must return to the concert room and her teaching if she wishes renown or profit.

Miss Stocking made an utter failure in *Lisa*, neither singing tolerably or making a fair show of acting. Sbriglia's performance was very uneven.—Occasionally he made a good point in execution of his music or enacting of character. He appeared to be nervous on account of Patti's inability to meet him in singing or acting. The opera was cut severely, and slighted as usual by Italian performers. Alessio and Lisa were, however, equal in merit, and the orchestra deserved no more credit than the chorus. But displayed too much of the muff.

GERMAN MUSIC IN NEW YORK.—The writer, just quoted, speaks of other musical signs and doings in Gotham:

There is some music left in New York despite of war's rude alarms. The Philharmonic Society, after reserves for expenses and charity fund, divided \$69 to each member for the season. The Arion Society were rich enough to present their brother German singing association,—the Lieder Tafel, at Buffalo,—with a splendid engraved silver pitcher the other day, and invest some of the surplus profits from concerts in a new German opera enterprise at Wallack's, under the baton of their own trainer, Anschutz. They have in Mme. Johansen a first rate dramatic vocalist. Her improvement within a year or two is wonderful in quality, tone and management of voice, and she yet retains, after many hardships, the enthusiasm and vigor that move a public. We have not heard in years a more thrilling and effective performance of the grand scene and aria for soprano, which is the gem of Weber's "Der Freischütz," than she gave on Friday last. It magnetized and electrified a large German audience into almost Italian demonstrations of delight. Mlle. Potter is also excellent in the second characters formerly taken by Von Berkel with so much acceptance. In other respects the opera is not much but cheap opera—fifty and twenty-five cents of course will not command first rate artists, or those who expect first-rate pay. Quint and Wiendich are not in good working voice, and Lotti, who has a pretty sweet voice of good upward range is too light timbered for passion, or even emotion, and is no actor. He is egregiously overrated and overpraised.

There is promise, however, of Reichart, a real primo tenore, who has obtained genuine ovations and well-considered praise from the most intelligent London critics. A large portion of the choir singers in churches hereabout are German; the organists also, the directors and writers in criticism, mostly come from Allemania.

"OVERTURING ORGANISTS." We find the following complaints from English Organists (called forth by reading the fine organ programmes of our young countryman last winter), in successive numbers of the *London Musical World*.

SIR,—As a contrast to Mr. John K. Paine's organ programme given in your last, allow me to inform those of your readers who take an interest in organic matters, that I heard, two months ago, four performances at the International Exhibition by London organists, and although their programmes amounted in the whole to some thirty pieces, there was not a single organ composition in this large number.

The music, in my opinion, was quite unsuited to the character of the instrument, and included such overtures as *Zampa*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *William Tell*, *Semiramide*, *L'Italia*, *Fra Diavolo*, the *Bohemian Girl*, &c., together with operatic scenes, Scotch airs, and pieces of a similar character, which no lover of organ music could for a moment defend. To me, the playing sounded more like large barrel organs at work, than anything else I can compare it to. It was not at all like an orchestra. If we are to have organ performances and adaptations, let us have something compatible, and let us also have at least one-half organ music in each programme, say I. If all the organists who give performances cannot play Sebastian Bach or Mendelssohn, they perhaps could give us some of the simpler works of Rink or Adolphe Hesse.

AN ORGANIST IN THE NORTH.

SIR,—I was much pleased to see the letter in your last, from "An Organist in the North," as it branches a subject which I have often thought required ventilation.

It may be truly said that the present is a go-ahead age; we have ingenious artists who make a counter-bass sound like a violin, produce a piccolo solo from a trombone, and *vice versa*. It really seems as though organists were seized with a like mania, and endeavored (frequently with success) to produce the effect of a rather superior "hardy gurdy" upon some of the noble instruments in our concert halls and elsewhere; for this peculiarity is by no means confined to the Exhibition.

Five out of six organ programmes do not contain a single piece of organ music. This is really too bad.

What would one of our "overturing organists" think, if after giving a performance at, say the Crystal Palace (chiefly consisting of operatic selections, adaptations from symphonies, and other orchestral works), he were to hear the band on the opposite side strike up Bach's Pedal Fugue in G minor? I fancy he would be inclined to accuse the band of trespassing on his domain, never for a moment thinking that he had just been guilty of the same offence towards them.

But this is not the worst side of the question; I was recently horror-struck by seeing in the programme of a celebrated organist—a polka! Now, what does all this mean? The offenders will tell you that "the public taste must be the guide;" but I consider this a gross libel on the public taste. How is it that the public will attend and enjoy pianoforte recitals, where only classical pianoforte music is rendered, and yet lay itself open to the charge of an utter want of taste for the classical music of a sister instrument? If the state of the public taste is really so bad, it is high time that something should be done to improve it. I think that were some of the leading men in the profession to set the example, and devote at least one half the programme (as the "Organist from the North" suggests) to classical music, we might then reasonably expect to find improvement.

Putting all this aside, however, ought not organists and musicians in general, to be taken into account? They can appreciate the masterpieces of Bach, Mendelssohn, &c., yet never by any chance hear them at a public performance, being regaled instead with dance music; whilst the piece nearest resembling organ music is probably a chorus of Handel's played so exceedingly quick that the composer himself would fail to recognize it.

Hoping that you will use your powerful influence in rectifying this evil, I remain, yours,
A MANCHESTER ORGANIST.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Let me die at night. *H. and D. Pond.* 35

A sweet little song and of easy performance.

If e'er thy heart should falter. Duet. *E. A. Samuels.* 25

Simple, yet pleasing and effective.

Flag of our Country. *M. F. H. Smith.* 25

A patriotic song full of life and enthusiasm; the words and music well wedded.

Two merry gypsies are we. Duet. *Macfarren.* 30

A lively duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano. The title bears a strong resemblance to a couple of very popular duets of Stephen Glover's, and so does the music remind you occasionally of Glover. It is withal a very pleasant, charming composition, full of life and spirit, and distinguished for graceful, striking melodies.

Forget thee. *W. F. Wrighton.* 25

Another new ballad by this fascinating author, whose song "Dearest Spot" met with such great favor, and who has since strengthened his reputation by a number of light, graceful songs, among which deserve particular mention "Her bright smile haunts me still," "Trusting in thee," "You may win him back by kindness," &c.

I've only 200 a year. Comic Song. *H. Walker.* 25

Lament of a bachelor who would fain marry, but thinks he cannot afford it with an income of but £200, since ladies are so extravagant.

Instrumental Music.

Warblings at Dawn. For piano. *Brimley Richards.* 40

A new and brilliant composition of the author of the popular "Warblings at eve." The warblings of birds are given with startling accuracy, and the whole work is refreshing and full of pretty effects. It will be a welcome acquisition to lovers of strikingly beautiful and playable music.

Nocturne, op. 16, in A flat. *Ad. Gutmann.* 25

This nocturne is not less pretty than the one which is already so widely known and appreciated.

Gipsy Polka, for six hands. *T. Bissell.* 30

Very useful for teaching. The arrangement is easy.

Books.

THE OPERA OF SONNAMBULA. Piano Solo. 2.00

This is a new volume just added to the long series of Standard operas of Ditson & Co's Edition. Nothing need be said at this advanced stage of their publication in commendation of the neat and attractive, yet substantial form in which they are issued. They long since received the warm approval of those who have desired to see the works of these standard composers in a garb befitting their worth. This volume is uniform with those that have preceded it. Persons having the previous volumes will wish this to complete their set; and those who have not will certainly do well to examine the series and consider whether they can do a better act for themselves, than to add them to their musical libraries.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

